


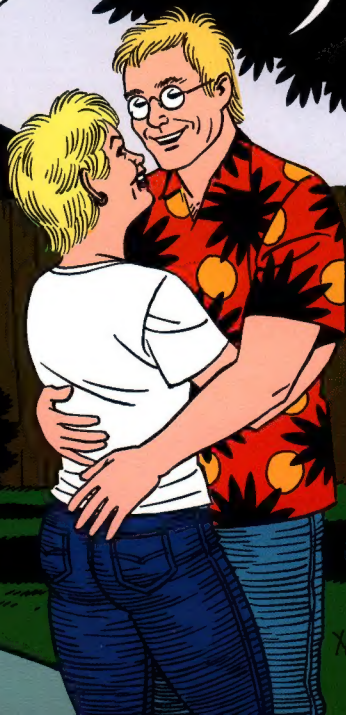
STURM, DRANG & ANOMIE  
IN A GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG VEIN BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN

# REAL STUFF

Featuring artwork by JAIME HERNANDEZ,  
MARK ZINGARELLI, JIM BLANCHARD,  
PAT MORIARITY, J.R. WILLIAMS, HOLLY TUTTLE,  
RANTZ A. HOSELEY, , and SEAN HURLEY!  
Also: Compliments from JOE BOB BRIGGS!

THIS IS  
THRILLING, ISN'T  
IT, DENNIS?

IT SURE IS,  
KRYSTAL.



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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

JAIME 91

# REAL MAIL

FROM THE DESK OF

**Joe Bob**  
**BRIGGS**

7/21/91

Dear Dennis -

"Real Stuff" is the "thirtysomething" of the 90's. I'm not kidding.

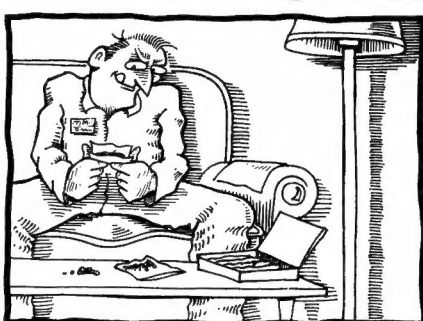
Hang in there,  
Joe Bob

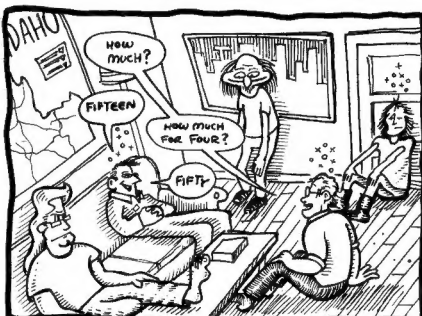
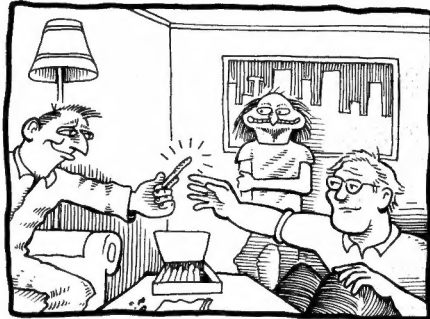
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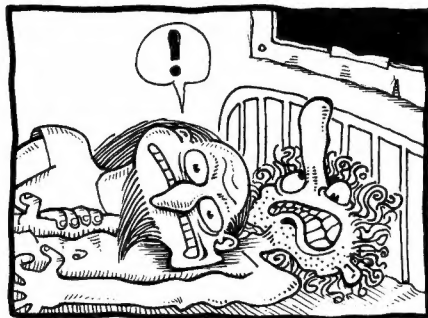
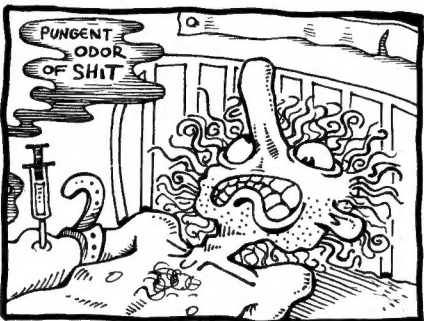
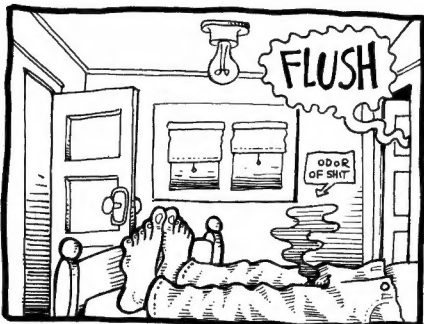
I WAS STANDING AT THE BASE OF THE SPACE NEEDLE, WHEN I SPOTTED A FAMILIAR FACE. IT WAS TIM GAZAWAY, A CASUAL ACQUAINTANCE FROM MY HOMETOWN OF BOISE, IDAHO.

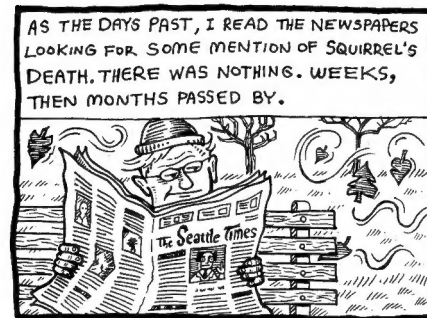


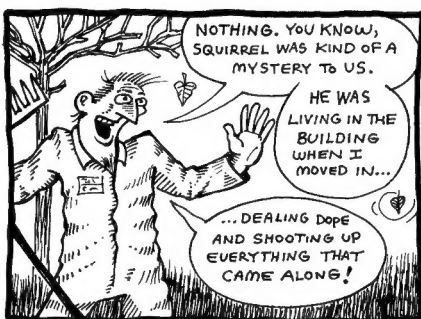
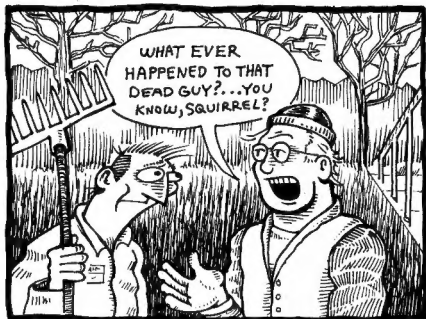














# OUR THING

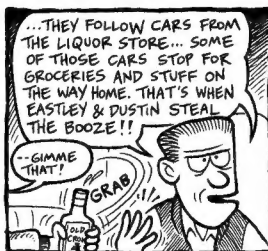


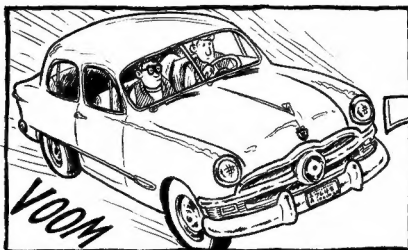
©'91 by DENNIS P. EICHHORN  
Illustrated by WILLIAMS

WHEN I WAS A JUNIOR  
IN HIGH SCHOOL, I  
SUFFERED FROM A  
CONDITION THAT  
TROUBLES MANY TEEN-  
AGERS: NOT MUCH  
MONEY AND NO WAY  
TO GET BOOZE.

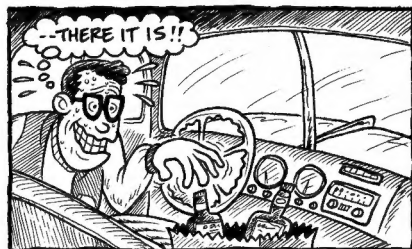
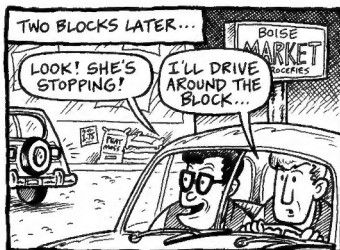
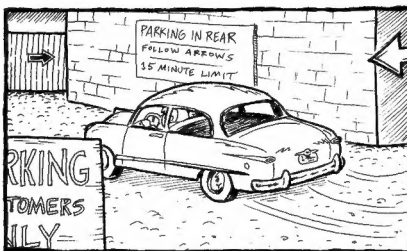


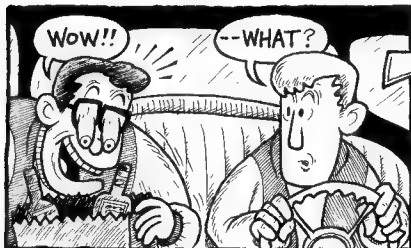
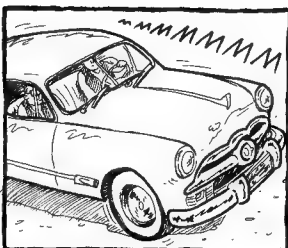
ONE DAY MY FRIEND STEVE & I WERE HAVING  
A NOONTIME SMOKE OUT IN THE SCHOOL  
PARKING LOT...

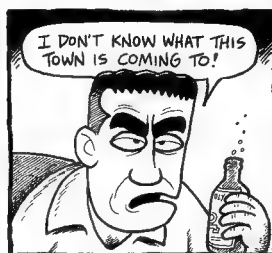
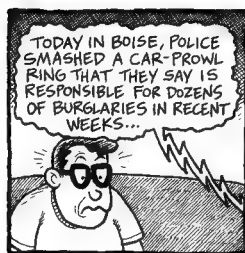
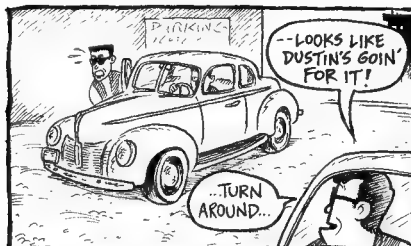
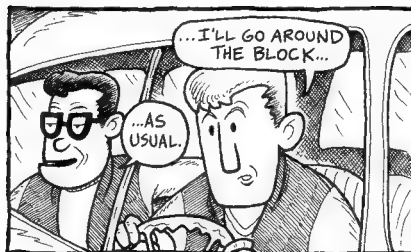


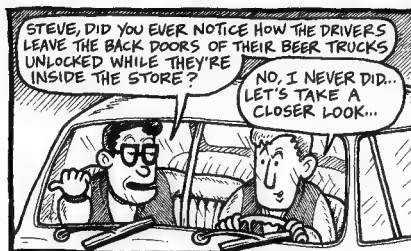
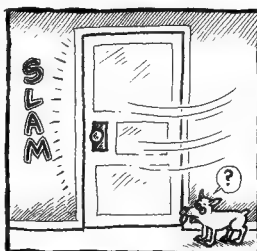
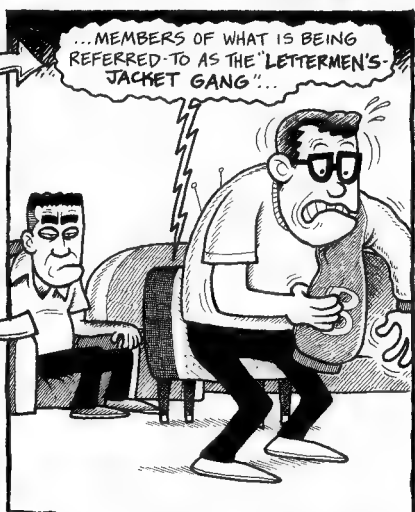
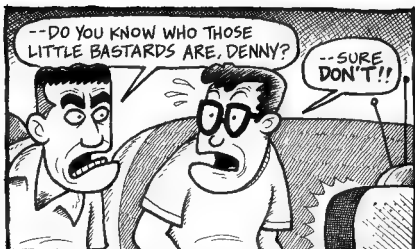


AT THAT TIME IN IDAHO, ALL HARD LIQUORS & WINES WERE SOLD IN A FEW STATE-RUN STORES.

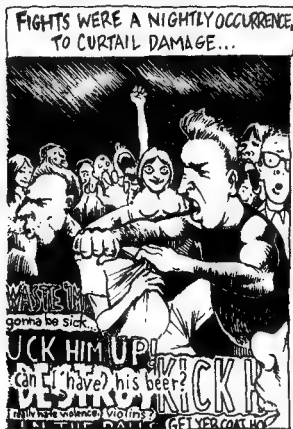
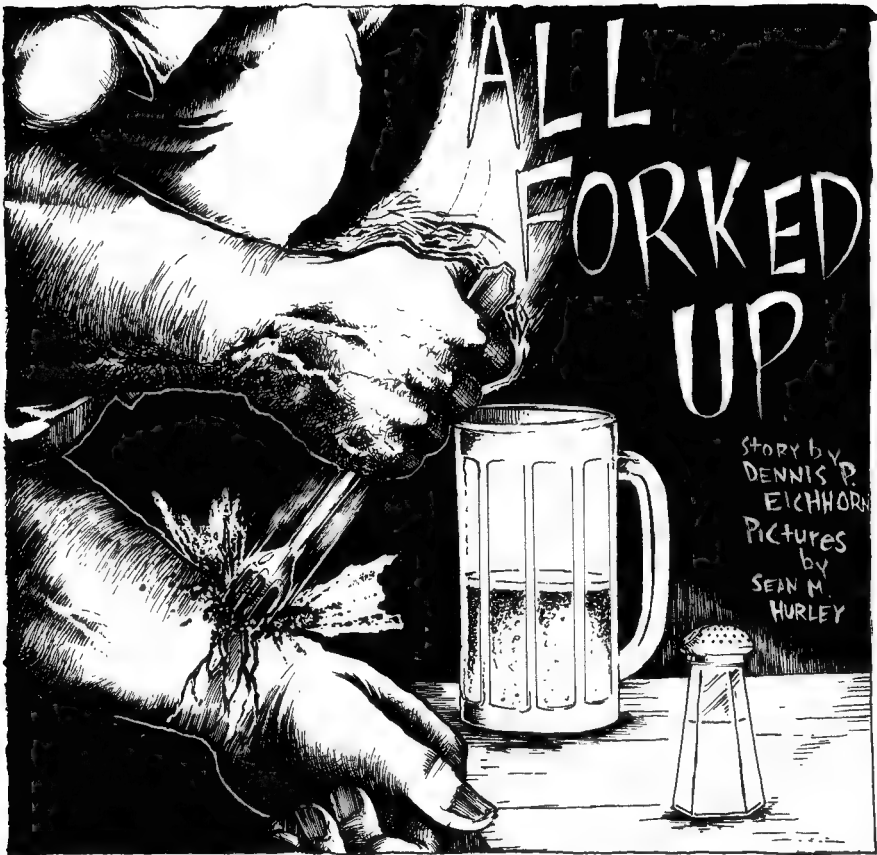


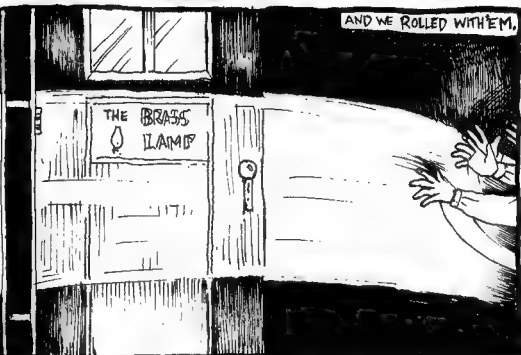
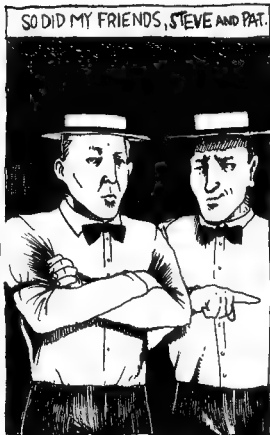




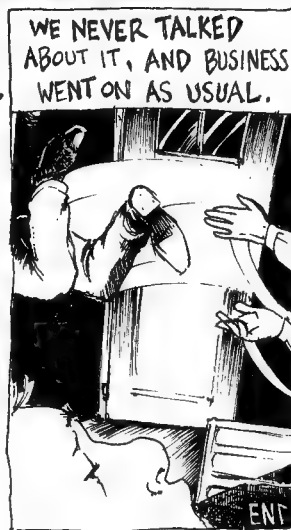
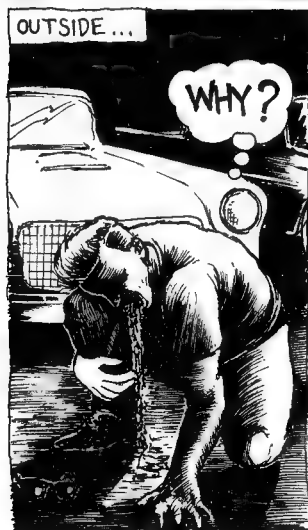














Hey, there's no need to talk like that! I'm not trying to spare-change anybody...I'm offering you all 15 issues of the Northwest EXTRA!, America's Number One lurid pulp tabloid, originally published from December, 1988, to November, 1991! They are extremely collectible, and their future value should be incalculable!

Seeing is believing, but check this out:

**Number 1:** Cover and centerfold by Carl Smool, in the Mexican broadside tradition, illustrating "Bitter Fruit," a story by yours truly about the pesticides found in fruits and vegetables. Columns by gonzoizer Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, drive-in movie critic Joe Bob Briggs and videophile Theron Yeager. "Rock & Roll Confidential" by Dave Marsh, with rare, formerly unpublished John Lennon photo. "The Valley of Death" by Tim Cahill, illustrated by Michael Dougan. An article about Lynda Barry's play "The Last House" by Bill Ontiveros. "Weird News" by Chuck Shepherd. "The Bad Boys" comic strip by J.R. Williams, and artwork by Holly Tuttle, Michael Dougan and Mark Zingarelli. Design consultation by Tamara Broadhead.

**Number 2:** Cover and centerfold in four-color glory by Michael Dougan, illustrating Tim Cahill's "Simple Rules." Lynda Barry's "Ernie Pook's Coneck" makes its first appearance, and J.R. Williams' "The Bad Boys" reoccurs. Video critic Fred Hopkins's first column. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Chuck Shepherd and Theron Yeager. Drew Friedman's masterful cartoon treatment of Harvey Pekar's "Rabbi's Wife," and artwork by Carol Moiseiwitsch, Peter Bagge, Robert Crumb and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art Chantry.

**Number 3:** Cover and centerfold by Carol Moiseiwitsch, illustrating Bill Cardoso's "Dead Wild Horses." "A Personal History of Modern Israel" by Harvey Pekar. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh (great Roy Orbison photo!), Fred Hopkins and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams, and artwork by Michael Dougan, Holly Tuttle, Drew Friedman, Fred Andrews, Jessica Dodge and Mark Zingarelli. Great Elvis section. Art direction by Art Chantry. **Number 4:** Cover and centerfold by Peter Bagge, illustrating Harvey Pekar's "Keep the Heat on Reagan." "Baseball Astrology" by Buddha Berman, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Fred Hopkins and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams. Artwork by Michael Dougan, Tammy Fujitara, Drew Friedman, and Mark Zingarelli. Design direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 5:** Cover and centerfold by Drew Friedman, illustrating Ivan Stang's "Are You a Moe, a Curly...or Merely a Larry?" "The Three Stooges and Then Some" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Chuck Shepherd. Mark Newgarden's "The Little Nun" joins the strips by Lynda Barry and J.R. Williams. Artwork by Carol

Moiseiwitsch, Michael Dougan, Holly Tuttle, Willow B. Norris and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art Chantry.

**Number 6:** Cover from Carol Lay's "Grunge 361" centerfold, with Esther Herat's "Pro Choice Pro Bono." Alison Bechdel's rendering of Harvey Pekar's "Gallantry" joins cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Fred Hopkins, Buddha Berman, Dave Marsh and Chuck Shepherd. Artwork by Holly Tuttle, Michael Dougan, Stan Shaw and Mark Zingarelli. Photo of Ms. LaZonga by Cam Garrett with interview by Louie Raffoer. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art Chantry.

**Number 7:** Cover and centerfold by J.R. Williams, illustrating Dr. Hunter S. Thompson's "Don't Tread On Me." Alison Bechdel's treatment of Harvey Pekar's "Free Association." J. Dooley's "Stone Age to Space Age." "True Reality Rock Report" by Al Larsen. Columns by Fred Hopkins, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Buddha Berman and Chuck Shepherd. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan, Maurice Wright and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry and design consultation by Art Chantry.

**Number 8:** Cover and centerfold by Holly Tuttle, illustrating W.P. Kinsella's "The Reports Concerning the Death of the Seattle Albatross Are Greatly Exaggerated." "All's Fair at Seafair" by Tim A. Smith, Mechanical Editor. "The Badness of Darning" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Buddha Berman and Chuck Shepherd. Paul Mavrides interprets Harvey Pekar's "The L.A. Performance Scene." Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden, and artwork by Michael Dougan and Mark Zingarelli. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 9:** Ken Brown's "Dude Descending a Staircase" serves as cover and centerfold. "Silver Bullets and Golden Classics: The Music of the Lone Ranger" by Jim Messina, backed with Fred Hopkins's "Clayton Moore - The Man Behind the Mask." Charles Bukowski's first appearance, with "only one Cervantes," illustrated by Robert Crumb. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs and Dave Marsh. Roland Sweet replaces Chuck Shepherd as compiler of "Weird News." Frank Stuck renders Harvey Pekar's "Adam Pules on Halloween," plus cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden, and artwork by Michael Dougan. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 10:** Cover by Alene Kominsky, Sophie and Robert Crumb (formerly unpublished Christmas card). Mitch O'Connell's "Elvis Presley Viva Las Xmas" intercenterfold. "The Worst Films of Xmas" by Fred Hopkins and John Black, illustrated by Carol Moiseiwitsch. "Just Say Woe" by Theater Writer Linda Whitney, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Book review by Harvey Pekar, accom-

panied by his "Somewhere in Pennsylvania," rendered by Joe Zabel and Gary Dumm. Charles Bukowski's "terminology," illustrated by Michael Dougan. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Drew Friedman and Danny Mintzendorf. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 11:** Cover and centerfold by Carol Moiseiwitsch, illustrating Robert Hemmely's Exxon expose "The Big Spill." "Twisted Valentines" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. "the place" by Charles Bukowski. Poet Jack Thibau makes his first appearance with "Hollywood." Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Linda Whitney, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Book review by Harvey Pekar. Cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan and Brian Williamson. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 12:** Cover illustration of William S. Burroughs by Robert Crumb. "Book of Shadows" by William S. Burroughs, illustrated by S. Clay Wilson, "recognized" by Charles Bukowski, illustrated by Holly Tuttle. "The City of Broken Glass" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg. "L.A." by Jack Thibau. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh, Linda Whitney, Fred Hopkins and Roland Sweet, and a book review by Harvey Pekar. "Close Call" by Dennis P. Eichhorn and Mark Zingarelli and "More Guys Than Gals Are Forced Into Sex" by Carol Moiseiwitsch, plus cartoon strips by Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Michael Dougan and T.S. Sullivan. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 13:** Cover illustration of Charles Bukowski by Robert Crumb. "between races" by Charles Bukowski, with illustration by same. Centerfold by Michael Dougan, illustrating Robert Ferrigno's "The Horse Latitudes." "Here Are The Instructions" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg. "Getting the Message Out" by Harvey Pekar. "poem" by Jack Thibau. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. Cartoon strips by Carol Moiseiwitsch, Lynda Barry, J.R. Williams and Mark Newgarden. Artwork by Mary Fleener and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry, winner of a prestigious Merit Award from the Society of Publishing Design (SPD) for the cover design.

**Number 14:** "SEXTRA!" issue. Cover by S. Clay Wilson, featuring the Checkered Demon. "Robert Crumb Interview" by Screw Magazine's Al Goldstein, illustrated by Joe Matt III. "Turd Squirts" by Charles Krafft, illustrated by Jim Woodring. "kiss those days goodbye" by Charles Bukowski. "The Dishwashing Man" by Formerly Rocky Goldberg, illustrated by Holly Tuttle. "The Most Psychotronic Adult Videos of All Time" by Fred Hopkins and John Black. Book review by Harvey Pekar, and columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs, Dave Marsh and Roland Sweet. "poem" by Jack Thibau. "The Woman Who Tried To Eat Me Alive!!!" by J.R. Williams is a featured cartoon strip. So are S. Clay Wilson's "The Checkered Demon In Hell! Part I" and Mark Newgarden's "So Help Me!" Lynda Barry's contributes her strip. Artwork by Basil Wolverton and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry.

**Number 15:** Cover illustration of Jack Kerouac by Robert Crumb. Drew Friedman's Quasyle family drawing illustrates Martin A. Lee and Norman Solomon's "Dan Quasyle, a Pot Dealer and the Information Police." "happy birthday" by Charles Bukowski, illustrated by Michael Dougan. "Billy Bragg: An Appreciation" by Harvey Pekar. Columns by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, Joe Bob Briggs and Dave Marsh. Artwork by Michael Dougan and Sean Hurley. Art direction by Art Chantry, winner of another SPD Merit Award for the cover design.

Where! That's quite a list! There's a little list in every issue, and a little too. To order, just list the issues you want, enclose \$6 per issue or \$75 for all 15 prices (includes postage and handling, and are good through Dec. 31, 1991; make checks and money orders payable to NW EXTRA), and send to:

**Northwest EXTRA!  
Back Issues Dept.  
2318 2nd Ave., #1131  
Seattle, WA 98121**



# WAS MY FACE RED!

STORY - DENNIS EICHENHORN  
ART - H.K. TUTTLE



KRYSTAL K. KEITHLEY - WHAT A CHARACTER!  
I MET HER IN A BAR IN SEATTLE'S  
WALLINGFORD DISTRICT.



IT WAS FRIDAY THE 13TH!



WE WENT DANCING...



...AND THEN TO MY SLEAZY  
BASEMENT APARTMENT ATOP  
QUEEN ANNE HILL.

IT SURE  
IS, KRYSTAL!

THIS IS THRILLING,  
ISN'T IT, DENNIS?



WHAT A  
NIGHT!  
BOY, AM I  
HUNGRY!

I HAVE TO BE AT WORK  
IN AN HOUR. COME WITH  
ME AND YOU CAN HAVE A  
FREE BREAKFAST!



WHERE DO  
YOU WORK?

I'M A  
WAITRESS  
AT THE  
OXBOW  
CAFE.



THANKS,  
KRYSTAL!  
THIS IS  
GREAT!

JUST TREAT  
ME RIGHT!



AFTER THAT, KRYSTAL & I SAW A  
LOT OF EACH OTHER. SHE WAS A  
5TH YEAR DRAMA & DANCE MAJOR  
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON, &  
IT SEEMED AS IF SHE WAS ALWAYS  
GOING SOMEWHERE FOR A CLASS...



...THEN, ONE DAY...

DENNIS, WHY DON'T YOU  
COME TO VANCOUVER, BC  
WITH ME & MY FRIENDS  
TOMORROW? WE'RE GOING  
TO SEE LEE BREWER PERFORM  
AT SIMON FRASIER  
UNIVERSITY!

TELL ME  
MORE  
ABOUT IT!



LEE BREUER IS PART OF MABOU MINES...  
A NEW YORK CITY PERFORMANCE GROUP.  
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE SOME KIND  
OF BRILLIANT GENIUS!

HOW MUCH  
WILL IT COST?



NOTHING! MY FRIEND IS  
DRIVING & PAYING FOR  
THE GAS, & I'VE GOT AN  
EXTRA TICKET!

GREAT!  
LET'S GO!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON, 5 OF US  
PILED IN A CAR & HEADED NORTH.

I JUST LOVE  
VANCOUVER THIS  
TIME OF YEAR!

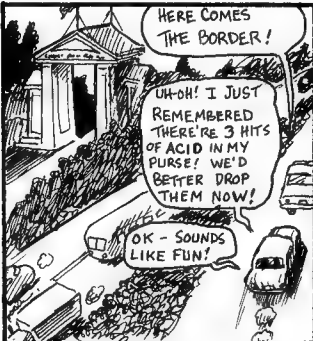
VANCOUVER IS  
125 MILES



HERE COMES  
THE BORDER!

UH-OH! I JUST  
REMEMBERED  
THERE'RE 3 HITS  
OF ACID IN MY  
PURSE! WE'D  
BETTER DROP  
THEM NOW!

OK - SOUNDS  
LIKE FUN!



BY THE TIME WE DROVE FROM THE BORDER TO VANCOUVER,  
FOUND SIMON FRAZIER UNIVERSITY & PARKED, WE WERE  
REALLY BUZZING FROM THE LSD.

BEAM ME UP,  
KRYSTAL!

RIGHT THIS  
WAY,  
LIEUTENANT!



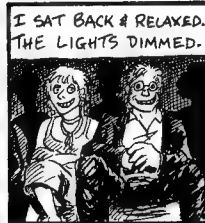
INSIDE THE AUDITORIUM, WE FOUND TWO SEATS  
TOGETHER IN THE FRONT ROW.

LOOK DOWN THERE,  
DENNIS!

OUGHTA  
BE  
INTENSE!



I SAT BACK & RELAXED.  
THE LIGHTS DIMMED.



AND THEN IT WAS SHOWTIME!

LEE BREUER HAD A POWER-  
FUL STAGE PRESENCE.  
I WAS HUNKERED DOWN  
IN MY SEAT, TRYING TO  
KEEP IT ALL TOGETHER...

EVERYTHING IS ALL HERE...  
PRE-INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH  
& POST-SCARCITY ANARCHY...

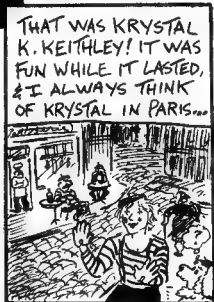
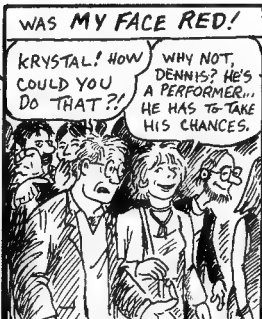
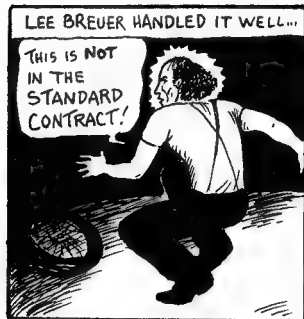
WOW



I DIED IN MY FATHER'S ARMS,  
LOOKING OUT AT THE SEA!

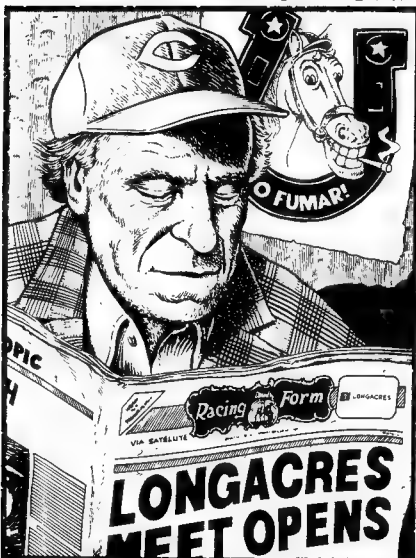
WHA-?!





# Real Fiction

BY DENNIS P. EICHHORN



ILLUSTRATED BY MARK A. ZINGARELLI

## PICK UP MY PAL HANK

at Seattle's Amtrak station just before 7 p.m. "Come on," I tell him, as he tosses his bag in the trunk and gets into the passenger's side of my Buick. "It's opening day at Longacres Park, and we can still make it in time for the feature."

We slosh through the rainy streets; south to Tukwila, then on to the fringe of Renton. There is very little traffic as we skirt the grandstand side of the racetrack and drive alongside the barn area until we come to an unpaved parking lot. "Here's a hat to wear," I offer, handing Hank one of several in the back seat, and putting another one on myself. "Keeps the rain out of our eyes...and helps us blend in." We park and walk a few yards to the guard's shack.

"We're both on Doctor Kennedy's guest list," I tell the guard. He checks our names against a list in a small metal file box to make sure, then gives us a clipboard to sign. We're issued plastic-covered VISITOR passes, and then we're through the gate and into the Backside.

"This is my favorite way to go to the races," I explain to Hank, as we walk toward the Backstretch Cafe. "Traffic is light, we can park close by for free, and there's no charge for admittance."

"Who's Doctor Kennedy?" asks Hank, as his roving eye focuses on the taut, denim-clad buttocks of a passing gallop girl astride a soggy pony. There is rain and mud everywhere, as well as the smell of horseflesh and fresh manure.

"Art Kennedy," I answer. "He's one of the track vets. I met him years ago, when he rubbed horses for my late father-in-law. Art graduated from vet school, and now he works for one of the veterinary combines that service the horses stabled on the Backside. Art's one of the reasons this is magic. There he is now..."

I wave, and Art brings his burgundy Chevy van to a halt. "Denny!" Art calls to us, as the side door slides open. "You and your friend had better get in out of the rain!" Hank steps in and sits down in the back seat; I get in the front passenger's seat.

"Art, this is Hank," I say, and Art grins and shakes hands with him.

"Hank," says Art. Hank smiles, then sits back to take it all in.

We drive slowly through the slop, as Art checks his list and covers his route. "There's Sheri and Naval Lord," he says, and we see a mud-covered young woman leading a large brown horse with a long neck and a wedge-shaped head. Art stops the van and gets out. "You're all wet, Sheri," he tells her. She nods in agreement and leans close to confer with him.

I pick up Art's copy of the *Racing Form*. "Looks like Naval Lord is in the eleventh race," I tell Hank, passing it to him. "Check this out." I open my door and step out. "Hey, Sheri," I say.

Sheri looks over. "Would it bother Naval Lord if I had him kiss a couple of dollar bills?" I ask, taking two ones out of my billfold.

"It should be all right," she says. "He likes smelling things." I approach Naval Lord and hold the money near his mouth. Naval Lord sniffs at the bills, then licks them. He turns his head slightly and gives me the horse eye.

I get back in the van. "What's that all about?" asks Hank, his face half-buried in the *Form*.

"I've never had a horse kiss my money before," I explain. "That's enough for me...I think I'll bet that two dollars on Naval Lord to win."

Hank snorts. "Great system you've got there," he scoffs, returning to his examination of the *Form*.

Art finishes up and gets back in. "Who do you like in the feature?" I ask him.

"Nobody," he says. Hank smiles in agreement. We drive back to the Backstretch Cafe, park, and go inside.

Hank looks around, takes in the ambience. The place is full of grooms, trainers, and various Backside types, all drinking and eating and chatting in English and Spanish while watching the replay of the ninth race on a color TV. There are signs on some of the walls: look-alike smiling horses, smoking cigarettes, with the bilingual legends: "NO SMOKING!" and "PROHIBITO FUMAR!"

We sit at a table and watch the finish of the ninth race. Nakeen has led wire-to-wire, and he wins by five lengths, paying \$8.80. I step to the counter, buy three long-necked Buds, bring them back to the table. Hank takes a long, thirsty swallow. Art peruses his program. "Snipledo is the favorite in the tenth," he comments.

None of us feel like betting on the feature. It unfolds on TV, and Snipledo doesn't live up to expectations, finishing a distant sixth. Super Seven wins, paying \$12.80. "Who'd a' think it?" I expound.

Outside, the horses for the eleventh race have gathered in the Gap, the muddy patch of real estate just in front of the large gate that opens onto the racetrack. Ten four-year-olds, non-winners in 1991. Naval Lord, trimmed in Navy blue and lavender, prances past and seems to wink at me. Then he's gone with the others, across the track and the infield, en route to the paddock. I look at Hank. "See anything you like?" I query.

He smiles, then asks, "Where's the window?"

I point to the Racing Office a few yards away across the Gap. "In there," I tell him. We slog through the mud, into the office, and up to the window. I'm first.

"Two dollars to win on number seven." I'm on board with Naval Lord. I tender the two dollars that my horse has blessed, a ticket emerges from the slot, and my bet is down.

Hank is next. He makes his selection and collects his ticket. We walk back to the Backstretch Cafe, buy beers and rejoin Art. A couple of gallop girls walk by, greet Art, sit down. Introductions. More beers.

"They're off!" goes the TV. Naval Lord stays near the front of the pack, and is in second place going into the stretch, but Bagel Baker's Baby lays his ears back and comes from behind to edge Naval Lord by a nose.

"I should have bet him to place," I mutter, throwing my ticket away. "I thought he kissed my money for luck."

"He was kissing your money good-bye. Here," Hank tells Charlotte, the gallop girl sitting next to him, handing her a tote ticket. "Go cash that in for me, will you?" She leaves, giving Hank's arm a squeeze.

"You bet on Bagel Baker's Baby?" I ask in astonishment.

"He had a good chance...and he went off at 20 to one," Hank says. "That's what it's all about."

"How much did you bet?"

"\$25 to win."

I have nothing to say to that, and shortly Charlotte returns with Hank's \$483. He buys us a round of drinks. "I'm getting hungry," Art says. "Let's go somewhere where we can get a good dinner."

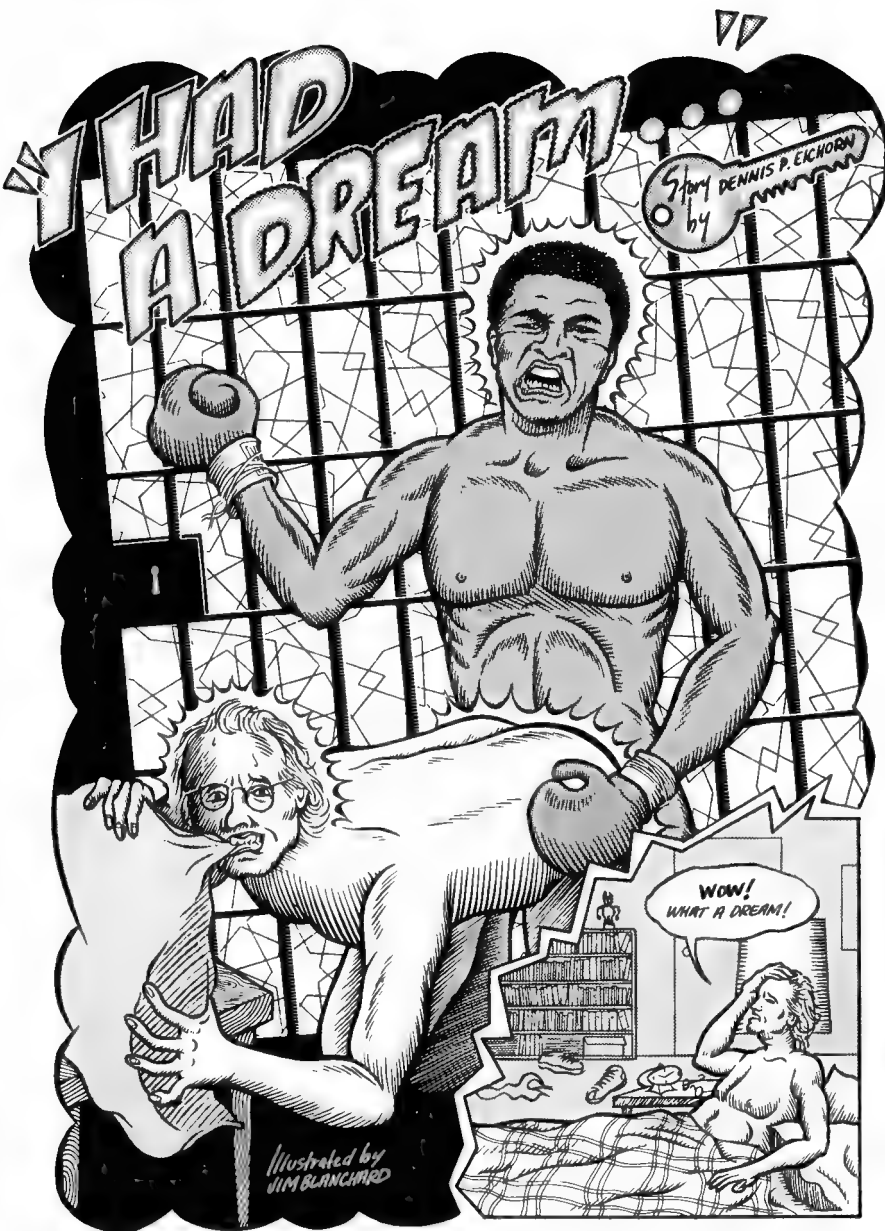
"Sounds good," I reply. "How about you, Hank? You want to come along? I've got a room reserved for you at the Pony Soldier Motel."

Hank shakes his head, no. "I'll catch up with you later," he says. "Charlotte tells me that she's got something lined up for us to do."

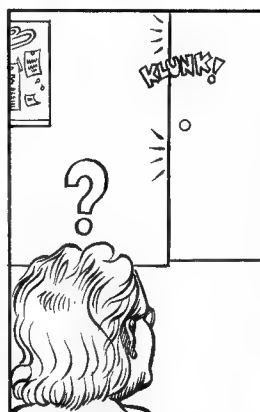
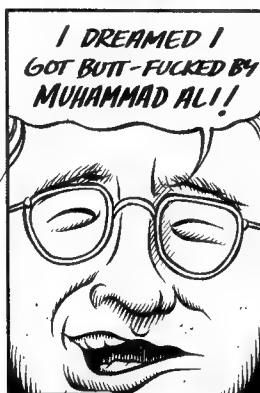
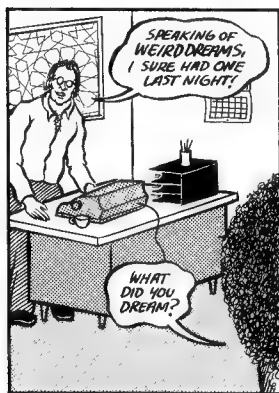
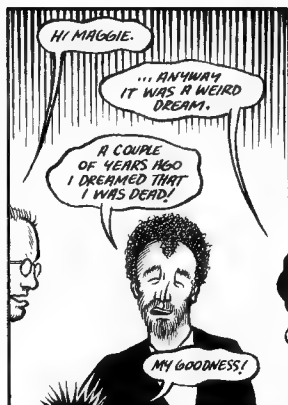
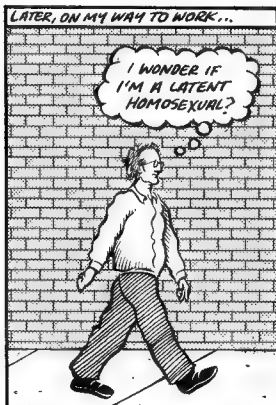
Charlotte grins. "I'll take good care of him," she says. They leave together, happy to be winners.

"What's that 'C' on Hank's hat stand for?" asks Inga, the other gallop girl. "Calumet? Caliente?"

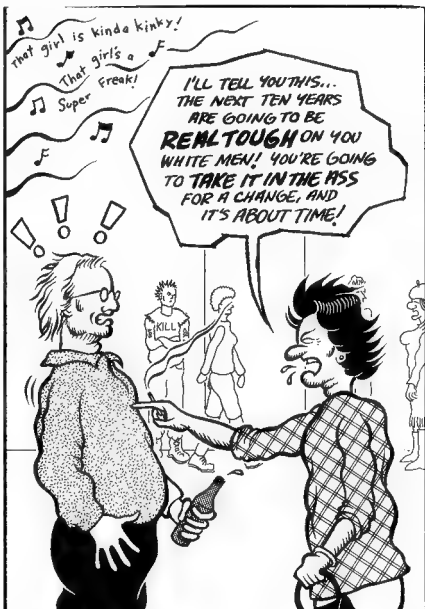
"Chinaski," I tell her. "The 'C' stands for 'Chinaski.'"







THAT EVENING, I WENT TO A PARTY. I MET A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN WHO DIDN'T LIKE ME.



# ELEANOR'S Habit

STORY BY: DENNIS P. EICHORN

ART BY: RANTZ A. HOSELEY



BLESS YOU,  
DENNY...

I GOT TO KNOW ELEANOR WHILE  
LIVING IN MOSCOW, IDAHO....

I WENT TO CATHOLIC SCHOOL FOR  
HALF A YEAR... I WAS AN ALTAR  
BOY, TOO.

THAT'S NOTHING. I USED  
TO BE A NUN!

YOU WERE?!



WE SPENT SOME TIME TOGETHER  
AND HAD A FEW LAUGHS.

THE DUCK  
STOPS HERE!

HA HA HA!



THEN ONE DAY:

DENNY, OUR SEX LIFE IS  
GETTING A LITTLE STALE.

IT IS?

SHE'S RIGHT!

IS THERE ANYTHING...  
WELL, SPECIAL... THAT  
YOU'D LIKE ME TO DO?

... WELL ...

DO YOU STILL  
HAVE YOUR  
NUN OUTFIT?

ALL YOU GUYS  
WANT ME TO WEAR  
THAT DAMN NUN'S  
HABIT!!!

AMEN, SISTER, AMEN!

... AND THAT WAS

The End





